

## The Critic

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### Literature

#### Sill's "Hermitage, and Later Poems."\*

THOSE who appreciate good poetry will thank the publishers for 'The Hermitage, and Later Poems,' by Edward Rowland Sill. Two years ago the same house brought out in attractive form a collection of some of the poems of this author, and upon its appearance the genius of Mr. Sill was at once recognized, and his name set among those of our best singers. The contents of that volume were selected principally from one which the author had printed privately, together with a few poems that he had published in *The Atlantic Monthly*; and while they served to show the poet's rare qualities of poetical expression, they were mostly the outcome of his philosophical musings. To those who were acquainted with the first volume published during the author's lifetime, this subsequent collection seemed to lack a number of pieces wherein his lyrical power and love of nature were shown. The present volume makes up for that deficiency, and taken with its predecessor leaves for Edward Rowland Sill a memorial worthy and lasting. The poem from which it takes its title is full of ripe thoughtfulness, and reveals a fine imagination allied to an unusual felicity of expression. A few extracts will show how happy he was in his descriptions of nature.

A solitary pine has cleft the rock,—  
Straight as an arrow, feathered to the tip,  
As if a shaft from the moon-huntress' bow  
Had struck and grazed the cliff's defiant lip,  
And stood, still stiffly quivering with the shock.

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green vines that sifted down  
A dust of sunshine through the chilly shade.  
\* \* \* \* \*

The earth for form, the sea for coloring,  
And overhead, fair daughters of the two,  
The clouds, whose curves were moulded on the hills,  
Whose tints of pearl and foam the ocean gave.

And what a fine thought lies in these lines, wherein he speaks of the limitations of the mind of man:

His bit of brain too small to even feel  
The spinning of the little hailstone, Earth.  
So his creeds glibly prate of choice and will,  
When his whole fate is an invisible speck  
Whirled through the orbits of Eternity.

We have not the space to satisfy our enthusiasm in the matter of quotations from 'The Hermitage.' The whole second part of the poem is in Sill's best manner, and in its singing soars like a lark above the great world of minor songsters. Among the lyrics, 'The North Wind' and 'California Winter' are fine descriptive pieces of blank-verse. 'The Lover's Song,' beginning

Lend me thy fillet, Love!  
I would no longer see;  
Cover mine eyelids close awhile  
And make me blind like thee,

\* The Hermitage, and Later Poems. By Edward Rowland Sill. \$1. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

is exquisite in its beauty; and 'Every-Day Life,' which we give entire, is as 'polished as the bosom of a star,' and reminds us of him who gave us the simile.

The marble-smith, at his morning task,  
Merrily glasses the blue-veined stone,  
With stout hands circling smooth. You ask,  
'What will it be when it is done?'

'A shaft for a young girl's grave.' Both hands  
Go back with a will to their sinewy play;  
And he sings like a bird, as he swaying stands,  
A rollicking stave of Love and May.

To close this notice of Mr. Sill's work, nothing could be more appropriate or better show his characteristic spirit of questioning and hopefulness than these stanzas from 'The Future.'

Into the silent, starless Night before us,  
Naked we glide:  
No hand has mapped the constellations o'er us,  
No comrade at our side,  
No chart, no guide.

Yet fearless toward that midnight, black and hollow,  
Our footsteps fare:  
The beckoning of a Father's hand we follow—  
His love alone is there,  
No curse, no care.

It is proper for us to say that the idea of making this further collection of Mr. Sill's poems was that of Mr. Alfred F. Houghton, the firm's New York representative.

#### "Supernatural Revelation"\*

PROF. CHARLES MARSH MEAD, who was formerly Professor of Hebrew at Andover Theological Seminary (from 1866 to 1882), and one of the American Revisers of the Old Testament, was the lecturer, during February and March, 1889, on the L. P. Stone Foundation at Princeton Theological Seminary. His eleven lectures have been reprinted in a handsome octavo. To the collection, the author has given the title 'Supernatural Religion: An Essay Concerning the Basis of the Christian Faith.' Theistic belief, revelation, miracles, inspiration, the authority of the Scriptures, and the conditions and limits of Biblical criticism, are his main themes. An appendix contains eight *excursi* on various matters, including a weak defense of the traditional interpretation of the Book of Jonah. The indices are full and important, and relate to topics, authors and texts. The style of the author is clear, though a tendency to prolixity mars many of his best points. Crisp and rapid English instead of long sentences would win more readers, and condensation is a virtue which the author needs to study. The arguments are nearly all from the conservative, we might almost say the ultra-conservative point of view, and when seen from that point of the intellectual horizon are strong. One cannot help the impression, however, as he reads these well-printed pages, that the author's work is almost wholly defensive, and that the young man of to-day who expects to do aggressive work for the Kingdom of Christ will seek other weapons than those in this armory. In his treatment of those with whom he differs, the lecturer is always courteous, and the tone of the work is that of a scholar who has about him the flavor of seventeenth-century theology, and old-time methods. He is, however, well read in the literature and controversies of our own time, and is familiar with European currents of thought. As a contribution to the living questions of theology, the book is timely and may be cordially recommended to all who wish to keep unshaken the religious opinions of the generation passing away. In our time, when the current seems drifting us all in various directions, and when apparently the old landmarks of the faith seem wrapped in fog, such a book as Prof. Mead's will help those who like to read and believe in a teacher who has tenacious confidence in his own convictions. The can-

\* Supernatural Revelation. By Charles Marsh Mead. \$2.50. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

dor, fairness, and genial spirit of the author will win many readers who do not accept his fundamental positions and general view.

"English Lands, Letters and Kings."\*

WHAT AN unwithering charm style has! Thirty-five years have gone by since 'Ik Marvel' under his chance pseudonym began to charm the public with his bachelor 'reveries' and poetic 'dreams,' and the fascination of his intellectual personality is as fresh to-day as in a lapsed and lost generation. The world of literature-lovers and literary people ought to esteem it a most fortunate thing that Mr. Mitchell has turned the graces of his inimitable pen in the direction of making young people love English books and English lands and even English Kings, for he throws such winsomeness and such beauty over these things that under his spell one learns to love even Bloody Mary and Cardinal Wolsey and Bluff King Hal. In the book before us he brings up the stores of a mind 'richly dight' with rare reading, varied travel, piquant observation, multifarious meditation, tracing the development of English literature and the confluent streams of which it is composed from Celt to Tudor, from source to the great climax of Elizabeth's reign; ever and anon illuminating what he has to say with reminiscences of his own travels, and setting obscure names and tangled events in a most vivid light. Never before has a 'parlor talk' been given to the public by a more accomplished critic, a more delicate *littérateur*, a truer appreciator of what is fine and noble in England and Englishmen. The personal, almost autobiographic, talk of these chapters brings their author very near to us, and we gain by the proximity. Mr. Mitchell has a singularly graphic way of putting things, of tying together dates and great events, of painting intellectual landscapes sparkling with the dew of life, of throwing a famous poet or a starving reformer before us in all the glamor or ignominy of his poetry or reform. His running commentary on English literature from Cædmon to Shakespeare is brilliant with characterizations, episodes that stick in the memory, side-scenes glowing with feeling, paragraphs pervaded by true poetic sentiment. It is a rare enjoyment to have such a book after the many dreary (so-called) histories of English literature, and its stimulating effect on young and ardent imaginations must be great indeed.

Chaucer and His Times†

DURING a literary career of four or five decades, Mr. John Saunders has been steadily true to the useful task which he first undertook at the instance of the well-known publisher and editor, Charles Knight,—that of popularizing the works of Chaucer, and making them more generally appreciated. He does not profess to investigate at first hand the Chaucerian sources, or to examine the early MSS.; but he makes good use of the editions of Tyrwhitt, Wright, Morris, Gilman, and other authorities, of the selections in the Clarendon Press Series, edited by Skeat and Morris, and of the various publications of the Chaucer Society. He has also brought together the results of a vast amount of reading on the state of society and the manners of Chaucer's time, forming thus a good introduction to his author's work, and a valuable commentary. The quaint pictures of the Ellesmere fifteenth-century MS., giving nearly contemporary portraits of the various personages of the Pilgrimage, are introduced with good effect as illustrations,—though unfortunately lacking the original colors.

The volume is in two parts, the first being devoted to the 'Prologue and Characters' of the Pilgrimage, with a minute description of the Tabard Inn, from which it started—and which the editor had the good fortune to visit before its re-

cent destruction,—and an account of the chivalry, religion, professional classes, trade and commerce of England at the period to which the poem relates. In the second part, the tales which make up the main body of the poem are presented in an abridged form, with an orthography sufficiently modernized to be readily intelligible. Much of Chaucer is intolerably tedious, and much, though not immoral, is unfit in our time for general reading. Mr. Saunders nowhere alters, but he omits a great deal; carefully preserving, however, all the well-known passages—descriptive, humorous, and pathetic—which every admirer of the poet would wish to see retained. The present edition is enriched by accessions from the latest sources, including Jusserand's admirable work on 'Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages,' and has had the further advantage of the help of Dr. Furnivall, founder of the Chaucer Society, and the highest authority on the subject of the book.

The explanations of the text are given, not in a separate glossary, but in the more convenient form of foot-notes. They are abundant and generally accurate. Occasionally some evidences of carelessness occur. 'Herberwe,' the title by which the host of the Tabard describes his inn, is suggested to be 'from arbor, apparently, a word often applied anciently to inns, lodgings, etc.' In fact, 'arbor' itself is a Norman-French corruption of the Scandinavian *herbergi* (German *herberge*) meaning a place of refuge, and hence a harbor or an inn, from which Chaucer's *herberwe* and our modern 'harbor' and 'arbor,' as well as the French *auberge*, are all derived. In the 'Man of Law's' prologue, the line

The drowned [dreynt] Leander for his fair Hero

is strangely explained by the note, 'that is, Hero weeping for her dead Leander.' There is nothing about weeping in the text, and the line is, with a slight poetical inversion, plain modern English,—'Leander drowned for his fair Hero.' Slips of this sort, however, are rare. In general the editor's part has been well done, and his volume may be pronounced a highly praiseworthy and judicious presentation of the best work of the father of English poetry, and an excellent picture of his times.

Midsummer in the Pyrenees\*

THIS ELEGANT VOLUME opens a region almost as new to the American tourist as Alaska or Brazil. Taine had written with rich exuberance about it; Gautier and Amicis had both touched it poetically and graphically as they entered on their memorable Spanish tours, the one at Perpignan, the other at Bayonne; but Mr. Dix is almost the first American, except the pervasive newspaper correspondent, to give a detailed itinerary, a definite account, of one of the most enchanting regions in the world. The south of France is a wilderness of romance and of mountains, of healing springs and legendary poetry, of healthfulness and picture-like mountain resorts. Its Spanish tinge and Aragonese atmosphere, its reminiscences of Henri Quatre and Marguerite of Navarre, its stirring Protestantism and sanguinary wars, its wives and women and endless *landes* stretching to the Atlantic and the Gulf of Lyons, combine to make it the tropics of France, the luxurious half-Spanish, half-Italianized end of the land rich in memories, in pictures, in traditions, in poetry of the troubadour, in brilliant modern Provençal verse, and in kindling historical associations. Mr. Dix and his party hit upon the happy idea of traversing this lotus-land in high midsummer. They began at Bordeaux, Bayonne, Biarritz (it is a land of B's), went down to San Sebastian and across to Pan, visited the Interlaken of the Pyrenees, and wandered delightfully over warm mountains and cool valleys, everywhere struck with the singular beauty of the scenery, the light-heartedness of the gay Béarnais, the quaintness of dialect and dress, and the conservatism of the population. Mr. Dix possesses a very charming style, which brings all this very

\* English Lands, Letters and Kings. By Donald G. Mitchell ('Ik Marvel'). \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, Annotated and Accented, with Illustrations of English Life in Chaucer's Time. By John Saunders. Revised edition. \$1.60. London: J. M. Dent & Co.

\* A Midsummer Drive through the Pyrenees. By E. A. Dix. \$1.75. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.



livingly before the reader and makes him long to have been in such good company. The photographic reproductions light up the text abundantly, and show one delightful gateway, grand hills and castles, shopmen and *gendarmes*: all the conglomerate Pyrenees, indeed, massed of many colors and many nationalities—Roman, Gothic, Basque. It is a reign of *eau sucrée* and orange-blower, of purple peaks and long twilights, of Roman ruins and 'colosseums of the gods' all beautifully framed in antique ivory of snowy mountains to the south and smiling vineyards to the north.

#### Five Recent Books in Physical Science \*

IN 'ELEMENTARY LESSONS IN HEAT' (1) the important principles are brought out in a good logical manner, and without overloading the subject with so great a mass of detail as to make it unfit for ordinary college classes. A chapter is devoted to elementary thermodynamics, and in the meteorological sections the author has made use of recent studies in that subject. The book is open to criticism, however, in the chapter on radiation especially, where there is a noticeable lack of precision of statement, the explanation of the relation of radiant heat to light is by no means clear, and might even lead the student to imagine that there were two sorts of ether waves, one kind producing heat as its effect, and the other light. This is a point in which many of our elementary text-books are weak, and therefore the right view ought to be set forth with luminous clearness.

Prof. Ripper's little manual on Steam (2) is the outgrowth of a series of evening lectures to a class of young mechanical engineers on steam, steam-engines and steam-boilers. The subject is presented in a clear, concise manner, but with enough detail to make the volume useful to the practising engineer. There is an interesting discussion of the compounding of engines, and illustrations are given of good modern types of triple and quadruple expansion engines. Especial stress is laid on the principles of economy in the use of steam.

'Elementary Physics' (3) includes the subjects usually given under this head in elementary books, with the exception of mechanics. The treatment is simple and clear, and the experiments given are admirably chosen; by their aid the subject is logically developed, and they are such as can be performed with very simple apparatus. A noticeable feature of the book is the absence of theory. The attention of the student is held to the simple facts as they are brought out by experiment; even so fundamental a generalization as the conservation of energy is not referred to. Teachers may differ in their views as to the expediency of this method, but in a book for beginners, especially for those who are young and immature, we believe this is the true course to take. Altogether, this is one of the best primary books on physics that we have seen.

'Electricity and Magnetism' (4) is another elementary science manual from the same publishers as the preceding. The treatment is especially adapted to beginners, the subject being developed by simple experiments though at somewhat greater length than in the corresponding part of the book just mentioned. The experiments are well chosen, and if carefully followed out by the student, with the accompanying explanations, will give him a real grasp of the fundamental facts of the subject. We notice here also that no mention is made of the conservation of energy, nor is any simple account attempted of the mode of producing electric currents by dynamo-electric machines. The only serious error noticed in the book is the statement that 'whatever the nature of electricity may be, it has been amply proved that the mysterious fluid does not exist.' The publishers of the three books last mentioned deserve especial commendation for the beauty of the typography and the excellence of construction shown in these volumes.

'Practical Physics' (5) is a book that has grown out of the demand for the laboratory study of science. It is intended to be used with some good text-book, and outlines a course of experiments suited to the wants and resources of high-school classes. Nearly six hundred practical exercises are given, and the intelligent teacher will be easily able to select those best suited to his classes. Some useful tables of physical constants are added for reference, together with excellent hints as to the arrangements and management of an elementary laboratory. An impossible experiment in capillarity is given in exercise 81, but as the same experiment is described in Daniell's Physics, the error is not so surprising. If this book shall lead to the more general introduction of laboratory

work into high-school classes, the author will have done a real service to the cause of science.

#### Seven Mathematical Text-Books \*

WENTWORTH'S Primary Arithmetic (1) is probably the most delightful book on the subject that has yet been put into the hands of children. One charming group of objects after another is given to them to count up, to divide, and to put together,—butterflies and birds and strings of fish, Japanese children, snow-shoes and climbing cats. Fractions, in particular, are made so plain that he who runs cannot help but read. The great principle of education, that an immense number of concrete pictures of number relations must be given to children before they should be asked to form abstract ideas of them, is the basis of the book, but there are many books on this plan in which the idea is less happily carried out. 'The Commonsense Arithmetic' (2) is one of them. It is badly arranged, the explanations are often defective when they are not wholly wanting, and the author's incompetence for his task is shown when he defines an odd number to be one which ends in 1, 3, 5, 7 or 9. The examples are numerous and well selected, but the plan of mixing up review-examples with those of a new process is not a good one. A separate lot of review questions at the end of each section would be better.

Prof. Macfarlane of the University of Texas has prepared a thin volume of Tables (3) useful for various purposes. There are four-place logarithmic tables for minutes and also for decimal parts of the degree, tables for radians, for hyperbolic logarithms, antilogarithms, addition and subtraction logarithms, squares and cubes, least divisors (and hence prime numbers), powers of  $e$ , interest, and various other things. The tables are arranged on a uniform decimal plan, there being nine entries on each double page, and hence one soon learns to turn automatically to the part of the page where the number sought is to be found. This is a very useful device. Those who remember Prof. Macfarlane's Physical Arithmetic will be sure that this work is well done. The presentation of the elementary portions of Mechanics (4) has reached a high degree of elegance in the little volume of Mr. Warren, formerly of Trinity College, Dublin. Conciseness and simplicity (and possibly bareness, too) could hardly go farther than they do in this book. There is a collection of Trinity College Examination papers at the end, including papers set for 'junior sophisters supplementizing,' a phrase which shows that the capabilities of the English language are not yet exhausted. 'A Manual of Construction' (5) comprises a variety of data useful to the mechanic and draughtsman, and a number of detailed drawings which give sensible and practical ideas with regard to the designing of small machines. The author has apparently little respect for accurate mathematical calculation. The form of the book is novel and not altogether admirable. The same information might have been presented in a more compact and less expensive form, and thus more easily within the reach of the class of people to whom it will be particularly useful.

The Algebra of Bradbury and Emery, Masters in the Cambridge and the Boston Latin schools (6), is not to be commended. The points to which special attention is called in the preface are not points in which the reviewer, after the most careful scrutiny, can detect any difference from the ordinary treatment in any good algebra. But there is a point of extreme innovation which is not referred to in the preface—namely, the explanation of multiplication and division of fractions. This is effected by what would seem to the student, even if it had been demonstrated, to be a mere hocus-pocus, by the mechanical application of the properties of commutation and association; but, strange to say, it has not even been shown that divided by divided by [*sic*] is the same thing as multiplied by. The great difficulty which stands in the way of the union which it is endeavored to effect between the immature mind of the student and the processes of mathematics is that the latter are too abstract, too remote from reality, to make any strong and fixed impression. To increase the obscurity, already nearly hopelessly great, of the action of one fraction upon another, by reducing it to a purely mechanical trick, is to do the student a serious injury. It is not that this plan does not in reality set out sufficiently well the real nature of the process involved, but it is that an explanation of this involves the usual explanation, and that when that is once had, this becomes unnecessary and hence thoroughly bad. Another bit of bad logic consists in saying that because fractions that have

\* 1. Elementary Lessons in Heat. By S. E. Tillman. \$1.80. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. 2. Steam, by Wm. Ripper. 80 cts. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 3. Elementary Physics. M. R. Wright. 80 cts. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 4. Magnetism and Electricity. A. W. Poyser. 80 cts. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 5. Practical Physics, H. N. Chute. \$1.25. New York: D. C. Heath & Co.

\* 1. Wentworth's Primary Arithmetic. By G. A. Wentworth and E. A. Reed. Boston: Ginn & Co. 2. Commonsense Arithmetic for Common Schools. Parts I. and II. New York: A. Lovell & Co. 3. Elementary Mathematical Tables. By Alexander Macfarlane. Boston: Ginn & Co. 4. An Elementary Treatise on Mechanics. Part I. Statics. By Isaac Warren. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 5. A Manual of Construction for Engineers, Draughtsmen and Mechanics. By John Richards. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. 6. The Academic Algebra. By Wm. F. Bradbury and G. C. Emery. Boston: Thompson, Brown & Co. 7. An Arithmetic for Preparatory Schools, High Schools, and Academies. By Charles A. Hobbs. New York: A. Lovell & Co.

a common denominator can be added, 'hence' all fractions must be reduced to a common denominator in order to be added. The general make-up of the book, any more than that of Bradbury's geometry, is not pleasing. It is a sad outlook for Harvard students if, as may well be feared, too many of them are destined to be brought up on these text-books.

Hobbs's *Academic Arithmetic* (7) seems to be on the whole a very satisfactory book. There is good discussion of such special problems as the carpeting and papering of rooms, specific gravity, the comparison of thermometers, and of longitude and time. The metric system is thoroughly incorporated with the book, instead of being relegated to an unimpressive appendix. The treatment of fractions here, also, is perhaps not the best possible. A college examiner was recently heard to say that he had not yet found a single student who had a clear idea of why the divisor is inverted in division by a fraction. From this will appear the extreme desirableness of giving, in every arithmetic, not simply a demonstration which forces conviction at the moment, but one which would naturally suggest itself to a person who found himself obliged, by practical reasons, to divide by a fraction without having previously known how to do it. It is only a proof of this nature which there is any hope of being able to force into permanent lodgment in a student's mind. It may safely be laid down as a general principle that of the two kinds of mathematical proof (the natural, and often lumbering one, which is pretty sure to present itself first, and the clever *tour de force*, which may be hit upon later, but which would hardly ever rise spontaneously in the mind, even after it had once been known), it is the former which should always be chosen for fundamental processes. At all events, the question is one of very great importance. It may be an exaggeration to say, with the Spaniards, that the reason English people are so illogical is that they have to learn to spell when they are young, but it is no exaggeration to say that the amount of gain in intellectual power which is made in the mass of the people by one generation over the preceding one is due to no one thing more definitely than to the way in which it is taught arithmetic. To the great majority of our fellow-beings, it is the only exercise in plain reasoning, unmixed with personal considerations, and yet forced to satisfy rigid tests for validity, that ever falls to their lot.

#### Minor Notices

'FUGITIVE FACTS,' edited by Robert Thorne, is another of those books of reference of which the present age is so prolific. The editor calls it 'a dictionary of rare and curious information,' and it seems to have been prepared rather for popular use than for students and scholars. It is not a general cyclopædia, many of the most important subjects of knowledge being wholly unnoticed in it; and it is somewhat difficult to discover on what principle the choice of topics has been made. Many of the facts recorded in the book are indeed rare and curious as well as interesting, so that it will well repay looking over; while on the other hand several pages are devoted to the Washington centennial celebration in New York, and there is much more of the same commonplace character. Moreover, as only a few subjects are dealt with—history and biography, for instance, being for the most part neglected—one can never be sure of finding in the book anything that he may wish to know. The editor says that he has taken all possible pains to secure accuracy, and doubtless the articles are in the main trustworthy. We notice, however, a few inaccuracies, and—what is more inexcusable—many grammatical blunders, such as ought never to be seen in any book. (\$2. New York: A. L. Burt & Co.)

'JUSTICE AND JURISPRUDENCE' is an ambitious work of some six hundred pages, whose object is to prove that the interpretation given by the Supreme Court of the United States to the three last Amendments to the Constitution is not correct. The author's name is not given, but the work has been written for the Brotherhood of Liberty, an organization of colored men, and the preface is signed by them. The argument of the book is mainly directed against the decision of the Supreme Court declaring the civil-rights act unconstitutional, though other decisions of the Court are also 'criticised,' and it is contended that these decisions have deprived the colored race of the rights that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments were intended to secure them. How much force, if any, there may be in these criticisms we should not wish to say without making a special study of the whole subject, though we believe that the Supreme Court's opinions have met with the general approval of the persons most competent to judge them. But whatever force there may be in the criticisms presented in this book is almost destroyed by the repulsive tone and style in which the book is written. We have seldom met with a book in which almost every element of bad writing was so constantly present as in this one, and we have certainly never met with one more disagreeable to read. A judicial

subject ought to be treated in a judicial manner, whereas the greater part of the work is little more than vicious rhetoric. If our colored friends hope to reach the ears and influence the opinions of their thinking fellow-citizens, they will have to adopt a very different tone and manner from that of this book. We heartily desire to see them in the full enjoyment of all the rights of our common humanity; but it is not by rhetoric and high-flown denunciation that those rights will be secured. (\$3. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

'A DICTIONARY of Electrical Words, Terms, and Phrases,' by E. J. Houston, is intended to meet the wants of the many workers in the field of practical electricity by giving in compact and handy form definitions and explanations of the technical terms and phrases met in the current electrical journals. But the author has by no means restricted himself to electrical terms; many relating to practical mechanics and also to other departments of physics are selected for their interest to the electrician. The definitions are quite full, and are often accompanied by a brief statement of the principles involved. It is to be regretted that some important terms are inaccurately defined, or so vaguely as not to convey any exact meaning. 'Coefficient of Mutual Induction' may be instanced as a case where the definition is entirely lacking in precision, and it involves the expression 'number of lines of force' which is nowhere else explained, the nearest approach to a definition being an entirely erroneous account of a 'unit line of force.' One would expect so fundamental a conception as that of the 'number of lines of force' to be explained as carefully as possible consistent with the scope of the work. This is the most important omission, however, that has been noticed. No doubt the work will be found useful by many, as it contains a large mass of interesting material, and the explanations are in the main clearly and concisely given. (\$2.50. W. J. Johnston & Co.)

'THE LADDER OF JOURNALISM,' by T. Campbell-Copeland, is a series of suggestions to those who think of entering journalism as a profession. It is chiefly devoted to reporting, the subject of editorial writing being dismissed in one short chapter. The young reporter will here find hints and directions from a practical journalist about the best mode of gathering and reporting various kinds of news, and the preparation of it for publication. The duties of the city editor, the news editor, and other functionaries of the daily press are described, and there is also some information about the mechanical part of newspaper making, proof-reading and other topics of more or less importance. How far such information as this little book conveys may be useful to young reporters, it may be difficult to say; but its author is apparently well versed in the profession, and his suggestions are given in a brief and pithy manner. (50 cts. New York: Allan Forman.)

'THE MODERN SEVEN WONDERS of the World,' which Mr. Charles Kent describes in his book so entitled, do not include the St. Gothard Tunnel, the Brooklyn Bridge, or any other noted work of their kind. With a juster view of the true marvels and glories of our time, he has given us histories and descriptions of the steam-engine, the electric-telegraph, the photograph, the sewing-machine, the spectroscope, the electric light, and the telephone,—combining with the latter the microphone and the phonograph. The histories and descriptions show much research and a good scientific knowledge of the subjects treated. The claim of inventors, whatever their nationality, are fairly and fully dealt with. Galvani and Volta, Fraunhofer, Bunsen and Kirchhoff, Ampère, Niepce and Daguerre, Franklin, Morse, Howe, Edison and Bell, are as heartily celebrated as Newton and Watt, Wheatstone and Cooke, Wollaston and Faraday. The prominence given to American inventors is notable, but is evidently no more than the facts fairly demand, since it appears that no less than four out of the seven wonders—the electric telegraph, the sewing-machine, the electric light, and the telephone, with the phonograph as its attachment—owe either their origin or their most valuable applications to this continent. The illustrations are profuse and fairly good, though bearing marks of undue economy and of dubious taste, for which, perhaps, the author is not responsible. Some of the drawings of the machines described are evidently taken from a larger work, and bear various letters and figures attached, referring to nothing in the text. There are, also, several 'fancy' pictures, portraying the 'Marquis of Worcester in the Tower of London,' 'James Watt and his Aunt,' and the like, intended, doubtless, to attract youthful readers, and at which older students must indulgently smile. On the whole, however, the work is a highly commendable one, and should be welcome to readers of all ages who desire to understand better the nature of these modern wonders which are transforming the world about us. (\$1.25. George Routledge & Sons.)



## Shakespeariana

Edited by Dr. W. J. Rolfe, Cambridge, Mass.

WALTER'S 'SHAKESPEARE'S TRUE LIFE.'—There are certain books which are of no use or value unless one knows as much of the subject as the author does, or has the means of verifying his statements. They are a medley of fact and fiction, and one must know which is which in order to discriminate between them. It may be asked whether such a book can be of use or value at all. Yes; for the facts it does give, or the way it puts or groups them, or for the illustrations, pictorial or other, which it adds to them. 'Shakespeare's True Life,' by James Walter, illustrated by Gerald E. Moira (Longmans, Green & Co., \$5), is an instance in point. It is an elegant royal octavo of about four hundred pages, with about twice as many woodcuts, which of themselves are well worth the price of the volume. The home and haunts of Shakespeare have never before been so profusely or so admirably illustrated. The description of the localities is likewise excellent in its way. The author is evidently at home in Warwickshire and the vicinity of London, and he has a keen eye, though small skill for telling us what he sees. But when he attempts to write Shakespeare's biography, the matter is as bad as the manner. He finds much fault with Halliwell-Phillipps (whom he calls 'Halliwell Phillips'); but the inexpert reader should have the 'Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare' of that cautious and conservative scholar as an authoritative test of the accuracy of this so-called 'True Life.' Let him beware of accepting as really true any detail of the poet's personal history included in the latter if it is not corroborated by the former. Halliwell-Phillipps, for example, has found no trace of the home of Mary Arden, Shakespeare's mother, at Wilmcote (Wilmecote or Wincot), but Major Walter identifies the very house—he does not tell us how—and gives us thirteen illustrations of its exterior, interior, and surroundings. Halliwell-Phillipps suggests as a possibility that William and Anne Hathaway may have been formally betrothed, after the fashion of the time, some months before their hurried marriage with 'once asking of the bans'—which 'handfasting' was regarded by some country-folk as virtually equivalent to the more binding ceremony that was to follow; but Major Walter is not only sure that this betrothal took place, but knows that it occurred 'either in the Roof Chapel or the Oratory of the Old Manor House' at Shottery. Of this building we have also many interesting pictures. We may be surprised that Halliwell-Phillipps never visited the house; but this is explained by the fact that it was 'a gentleman's residence and therefore not open to inspection'! Major Walter knows a deal more about Shakespeare than nobody else has been lucky enough to find out, and few have even suspected. After his betrothal in the Roman Catholic chantry, he lived with Anne at the Hathaway cottage in Shottery; and he supported her by earning money in the law office of Walter Roche, who had been his teacher in the Stratford Grammar School. He had visited London before he took up his residence there. The Major's demonstration of this is a good illustration of his logical and literary methods, and is brief enough for quotation here (the italics are mine):

It is now established with tolerable certainty that Shakespeare's quitting Stratford for London in 1586 was not his first journey thither. His father had at various times suits at law with fellow-townsmen, and, possibly, if he was in any way associated with the attorney acting for his father and the Hathaway family, he may have visited London should any proceedings have needed the presence of the conducting attorney.

Thus, by a string of conjectures and possibilities evolved from his own imagination, does the Major 'establish' his 'true life' of the dramatist. We learn that William was 'a frequent visitor' at Bacon's home at St. Margaret's, Richmond; this 'fact' being 'as unquestionable as the removal of the great essayist from Gray's Inn Chambers through the plague scare'; and Spenser is 'known' to have been

at Bacon's with Shakespeare, as also Sir Walter Raleigh 'frequently' was! On the other hand, 'there has been general error in assuming Shakespeare as belonging to the profession of an actor' (as theatrical and other records have been supposed to prove beyond a doubt), though 'he may occasionally have taken a part in order to throw vigor into the piece'—as when, for instance, he played the Ghost in 'Hamlet' or Adam in 'As You Like It.' Apropos of the latter play, the author 'presents himself in it as Touchstone (the unwilling husband), just as he 'reappears in Prospero, the kind and careful father.'

Our author is somewhat careless in his proof-reading. On p. 47 we read that, in Warwickshire, 'the gardener still speaks of his "squashes," i. e. his immature pears, as Leontes calls his son; and which rare Bully Bottom christens the mother of the fairy pear blossom' (*sic*). The statement is sufficiently muddled without the substitution of the *pear* for the *pea*. On p. 189 Timon appears as 'Tymson,' and on p. 273, Milton's 'star-ypointing pyramid' becomes a 'starry-pointed' one. Slips like 'illusion' for 'allusion,' 'instance' for 'distance,' etc., are not infrequent.

The book closes, as this notice must end, with a tribute to living English statesmen as students of the dramatist, which will serve as a specimen of the style:

In days when political strife is all-absorbing, a lover of his fellows and a gifted master in ancient and modern lore such as a Rosebery, here meets on common ground with a Goschen or a Lord-Treasurer W. H. Smith, whose plain common sense and utter absence of pretentiousness in thought and language mark him as a profound Shakespearean; so also the Octogenarian Gladstone, whose wondrous stores of literature are inexhaustible as their torrent application soars above his contemporary generations, can speak with the wisely solid and patriotic Gascoign Salisbury, with sympathies engendered of no other studies. True nobility, as a Southampton of Shakespeare's time, survives through associateness with the peers of literature, when, but for these, oblivion would ages earlier have overtaken them.

SHAKESPEARE AND BELLAMY.—A professor in a California college writes: 'I have failed to see any notice in the Eastern journals of Shakespeare's "Looking Backward." See the "Tempest," act II. scene I.' The reference is to Gonzalo's ideal commonwealth, in which he 'would by contraries execute all things,' etc. The passage is chiefly interesting as affording us a peep into Shakespeare's library. It is evidently copied from John Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essays, published in 1603, a copy of which, with Shakespeare's name on the fly-leaf, is in the British Museum. The authenticity of the autograph has been questioned by some eminent paleographers; but others believe it to be veritably his handwriting, and I like to think that they are right.

ANOTHER POSSIBLE AUTOGRAPH OF SHAKESPEARE.—Judge Mellen Chamberlain, Librarian of the Boston Public Library, sends me a copy of his official report on a bit of writing that may be Shakespeare's own, which has been discovered in a copy of North's Plutarch (ed. 1603) purchased for the library in 1880. The writing is not upon the fly-leaf of the volume, but on a sheet of paper which was used as a part of the filling of the back in binding. It consists of the words 'Wilm Shakspeare, hundred and twenty poundes,' the name being in a line above the rest. Two Latin quotations, apparently in the same hand, are on other parts of the paper: 'Cur honor quaeris,' and

quod natura dedit  
tollere nemo potest.

The ink and paper are contemporaneous with those of the volume, which seems to be in the original binding, and a worm-hole through the book passes also through the signature. The nature and the position of the writing are both decidedly against the supposition that it is a forgery. If it is genuine it contains more of Shakespeare's own chirography than is known to exist elsewhere. The only other indubitable specimens, as the reader is aware, are the three signatures on the three sheets of his will, and two others on a

deed and a mortgage of a house. To these the name in the Florio volume mentioned above is perhaps to be added. In concluding his interesting paper, Judge Chamberlain declares himself 'clearly of the opinion that the Library autograph presents many reasons in favor of its genuineness, and too few objections to warrant an adverse judgment.' He is an accomplished paleographer, and I shall be surprised if his verdict is not accepted by the foreign experts.

### The Lounger

WE LIVE in a literary age. Dom Pedro of Brazil, the latest 'monarch retired from business,' had scarcely reached Cape St. Vincent, on the good ship *Alagoas*, when European journals announced that he would immediately write a book concerning fifty years of the Brazilian Empire. Royal and semi-royal authors abound, from King Oscar of Sweden, Rudolph of Austria, and the late King of Portugal, to the Duke of Nassau, imbued with the charm of Rhenish legends, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, launching into voluminous memoirs. Even King Milan of Servia threatens to publish the history of his own life, while the Marquis of Lorne issues a Canadian love-story. *Place aux Dames!* The Queen of Roumania ('Carmen Sylva') sighs in melodious verse, and the eccentric Dora d'Istria spun many a thread of travel, romance, and social questions in her day. (The former, by the way, has derived little or no benefit from a whole season's treatment at Weisbaden, and will spend the winter in the South.) Other shapes appear, unbidden, in the great tapestry of history, woven by the unfolding centuries, of which the Brazilian monarch may prove yet another thread. Lorenzo the Magnificent, muses over well-turned canzone, laud and lyric in his Tuscan villa, and Jean I. of Brabant tunes his lyre to extol the beauties of his own court. Amidst the fading shadows of the background of the tissue the majestic shapes of Cæsar, inscribing his Commentaries, and of Marcus Aurelius, absorbed in his Meditations, do not wholly banish Nero, wishing to pose for personal cleverness as a musician and actor, rather than as the mere wielder of imperial power.

THE ROYAL COMPETITOR of to-day is ubiquitous in travel and in annual exhibitions of sculpture, painting, science, agriculture. Nor does he refrain from entering the path of industry. The King of Holland recently took the prize for beer from the Brasseries Royales, in the latest Paris Exposition; the Duc de Montpensier for Seville oranges and wheat grown on his estates near Bologna; Prince Galitzin for champagne, médoc, and burgundy from his Crimean vineyards; and the Duc d'Aumale for his Sicilian wines. Rank *versus* mere talent: here is a problem of the near future, in the battle of life, for minds of the type of Mr. Bellamy. Perish the thought that rank may be incompatible with talent, only does not the old couplet still hold good in an enlightened world?

Let but a lord once own the happy lines,  
How the wit sparkles, and the sense refines!

THE PENDING publication of the diary of Sir Walter Scott has set the London *World* a-mousing among the *ana* that relate to what should prove the most interesting book of the year. Referring to the use of a part of its contents in Lockhart's famous *Life* of his father-in-law, it says:

When Lockhart was writing Sir Walter's biography, only a few years after his death, he had the whole diary privately printed, and three copies were struck off, one of which was given to Mr. Morritt of Rokeby, and another to Dean Milman, who, with Lockhart, formed a secret committee for the purpose of deciding how much of the diary might then be published. As a matter of fact, only a small part was ultimately printed in Lockhart's work, and Dean Milman and Mr. Morritt having returned their copies of the full diary to him, he left them among his papers, and I presume that it is one of them which is going to be published, for the entire diary may now appear without offending anybody, and very interesting it will be.

The writer adds, incidentally, that Lockhart turned over every shilling of the large sum he received for the *Life* to the fund for paying off Sir Walter's debts, which amounted in 1847 (the year they were finally wiped out) to about \$125,000.

MRS. MARY R. P. HATCH writes to *The Epoch* that Mrs. Anna Katherine Green Rohlfis is 'striking' in appearance but 'not handsome.' She 'looks as if she were capable of rare doings and she has worn this look since girlhood.' She is like her writings, but still 'there are reserves in her nature of which her books have never given any hint.' She is a 'bright society woman and dresses with taste and uniqueness.' After a careful perusal of Mrs. M. R. P. Hatch's paper, I am inclined to exclaim 'Heaven defend us from our biographers!'

AS LONG AGO as April of last year, there were rumors of war between Mark Twain and Edward H. House over the right to dramatize a story by the former called 'The Prince and the Pauper.' Mr. House then claimed that he had Mr. Clemens's permission to make a play of the story, and was very much astonished when he read that Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson was engaged upon the work under the supervision of the author. Mr. Clemens admits that Mr. House talked of making the dramatization; but there was no contract, and he supposed that the idea had been given up, as the work was practically abandoned. He flatly denies that he offered to buy Mr. House off for \$5000. From what I know of Mr. Clemens, I should hardly think he was the sort of man to go about binding himself down with contracts. As Mr. House has appealed to the courts, we shall soon know just how much encouragement he had to base his claims upon. In the mean time, the play has been produced at the Broadway Theatre with Elsie Leslie Lyde in the dual rôle of Prince and Pauper, and gives every evidence of achieving a 'Fauntleroy' success.

MARK TWAIN does the most of his writing during the three summer months, which he spends at Elmira, N. Y. He writes in a little house made mostly of glass, like a pilot-house, on the top of a hill. Mr. Clemens says that it is one of the 'quietest spots on the face of this globe,' and yet he has been so disturbed there by the noises that pertain to country life that it has cost him a small fortune to buy them off. Now he thinks that he has paid the farmer who owns this noisy live stock sufficient to induce him to keep it somewhere else. I extend the hand of sympathy to Mr. Clemens. There were times last summer when I would have paid a good round sum to get rid of a lot of chickens that held their merrymakings under my window. I shall never forget one hen in particular. I think from the number of times that she set up her triumphant cackle, she must have laid at least half a dozen eggs a day. There was no use of throwing an inkstand at her. That only added a note of terror to her cry that started up the entire poultry-yard. Many a time, when this chorus was in progress, have I sighed for the quiet of the city.

A CORRESPONDENT in Boston writes:—'I saw your note on "Stepniak" in THE CRITIC of Jan. 11. Reddall's "Fact, Fancy and Fable" says his real name is Dragomanof; but a Russian Count, who claims to know him well, and who gave me an autograph letter signed "S. Stepniak," tells me his real name is Mikhailof.'

IT HAS BEEN discovered (in Boston) that Dickens was inaccurate in many of his statements. For example, one man says that he made Capt. Cuttle screw a knife into the socket where his 'hook' usually held sway, and with this knife peel boiled potatoes. This, the writer says, would be an impossibility. If Dickens had said that the genial Captain screwed a fork into the socket, it would have been all right, as he could easily have held a potato on the fork and peeled it with a knife held in his good left hand. Thus, one by one, is Boston breaking our idols. Mr. Howells tries to shake our faith in Scott and Dickens and Thackeray; and some one who hides behind the initial 'L.' tries to belittle Capt. Cuttle, as though any thing could be impossible for such a man to accomplish. If Dickens had said that Capt. Cuttle played the banjo with his 'hook,' I should believe him. If these iconoclastic Bostonians don't stop, we shall have no literature left.

APROPOS of Boston comes the story of a janitor who kept back a lady's *Atlantic* every month until he had carefully perused its pages. 'Boston is probably the only city,' exclaims the *Advertiser* proudly, 'where the janitors of the buildings are sufficiently interested in the class of literature which *The Atlantic Monthly* furnishes to delay the delivery of the mails for their intellectual enjoyment.' I grant that it would be difficult to find a New York janitor reading the pages of this or any other magazine. He 'goes in for' politics rather than literature, and now and then becomes an Alderman. The only *Atlantic* he knows anything about breaks over the sands of Coney Island.

THERE RECENTLY appeared in *The Nation* a communication, signed 'F. H.,' in which Mr. Lowell was taken to task for using, in a certain letter, a pedagogic instead of a conversational form of speech. The slip, if a slip at all, was a very slight one; but its detection had the effect of calling out a note from Mr. Lowell in which he acknowledged that there was 'no higher authority for English usage' than his critic. As it happened, a communication on another subject, from the same 'F. H.,' dated Marlesford, England, appeared in the same column with this note. It may interest my readers to know that the scholar to whose attainments Mr. Lowell pays so high a com-



pliment is Mr. Fitzedward Hall, who took his degree at Harvard forty-odd years ago, went to India, became a professor in one of the colleges there (at Benares, I believe), was then for a time Librarian at the India Office in London, and has remained in England ever since. He edited Sir David Lyndesay's 'Monarchie' for the Early English Text Society, and has been several times conspicuously thanked by Dr. Murray for help in the 'New English Dictionary.' An acknowledgment of his services appears in the part most recently issued.

### "The Prince and the Pauper"

'THE PRINCE and the Pauper,' which was produced at the Broadway Theatre on Monday evening, is a dramatization, by Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, of Mark Twain's story, published several years ago. Mr. Clemens, in a characteristic little speech before the curtain, declared this play to be the realization of one of his fondest dreams, and he is fortunate in being able to regard it in that light. It appears that when the idea of the tale first presented itself to his mind, he endeavored to put it into dramatic form himself, but failed to do so satisfactorily, and finally made it into a book, in which shape it remained until Mrs. Richardson undertook to prepare it for the stage. She has done her part of the work as well, perhaps, as could be expected; but the piece, as it stands, has no real value, and would have but a poor chance of success without a public favorite like Elsie Leslie to play the two principal characters. A very few words will suffice to indicate the slender thread of story connecting the various episodes.

The little Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VI., takes compassion upon Tom Canty, a youthful vagrant who has strayed within the palace gates, and in a spirit of frolic exchanges clothes with him. The two lads are so much alike that the beggar is easily mistaken for the Prince, while the latter, notwithstanding his protestations, is ejected ignominiously from the royal precincts and left to shift for himself. He is recognized as Tom Canty by the vagabonds into whose hands he falls, and is supposed to be mad when he proclaims his real title. For a brief season he learns by actual experience the sufferings of his poorer subjects, and is compelled to undergo great perils and privations, until, by the aid of a gallant soldier who takes pity on him, he is enabled to establish his identity and resume his rank, which the translated beggar boy is only too ready to relinquish in his favor.

The improbabilities, not to say absurdities, of all this are much more apparent in a play than in the original story, but there is a fine opportunity for Elsie Leslie, which was the main object of the entire production. This clever little girl appears in the double part of the Prince and the Pauper, and once more exhibits the aristocratic carriage, winning manners and easy self-possession which made her so great a favorite as Little Lord Fauntleroy. She is not able, of course, to make any very subtle distinctions between the two lads; but she plays with so much vivacity and intelligence, and her own personality is so pleasing, that she excites the liveliest sympathy on the part of the audience. It is to be hoped that her head will not be turned by the fuss that is made about her, and that she will condescend to be taught how to act when she is old enough to know what acting means.

The piece is excellently mounted and smoothly played, but the melodramatic incidents do not call for particular comment. E. H. Vanderfelt acts well as the soldier who befriends the Prince, and D. Gilfeather gives a vivid but very rough sketch of Tom Canty's ruffianly father. No other individual mention is needful. The best act, artistically, is the last, in which a good deal of the original dialogue is preserved, including some happy examples of Mark Twain's peculiar humor.

### "Capt. Joe" and "Capt. Billy"

SOME TIME AGO Mr. George Parsons Lathrop printed a story called 'Capt. Billy,' and afterwards included it in a collection of his stories. It tells how the hero, the pilot of a Brooklyn ferry-boat, almost loses his arm by thrusting it through a hole in his boat caused by a collision with a barge, indignantly refuses \$100 offered him for saving the boat and its human freight, and leaves the service of the company. The essentials of this story reappear in Mr. Hopkinson Smith's 'Capt. Joe' in *The Century* for December, and the coincidence forms the basis of a charge of plagiarism in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. At the suggestion of Mr. Lathrop, Mr. Smith sends us the following letter:

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

The original of 'Capt. Joe' is Capt. Thomas A. Scott, the

wrecker, of New London, Conn., who was employed by me while I was building the Race Rock Light-House under a contract with the United States Government during the years 1871 to 1876. Every word in my story is literally true—not only the incident of the stoppage of the leak in the shattered ferry-boat, but the drowning of his partner 'Jim,' the saving of old Marrow's sloop when nearly wrecked on the Rock, the final entry in his log-book, as well as every other detail illustrative of the generosity and nobility of the Captain's character.

I told the story to Mr. Lathrop several years ago as I had told it before and have since to a hundred others. He used the incident of the ferry-boat to point a very charming love-story. I used it as one of the many deeds of heroism in the career of my friend Capt. Scott, who represents to me now, after nearly twenty years of intimacy, as he did then while engaged in the difficult and dangerous work of perfecting the foundations of the Light-House, all that is brave and noble in the life of the laboring man of to-day.

The story was written at this late day in pursuance of a plan I have long had of recording, as briefly and tersely as possible, under the guise of short stories, the heroic deeds of the common working man, selecting both the characters and incidents from among my own employees and from my personal experience and knowledge of their truth. 'Capt. Joe' is the first of this series.

Its success confirms me in the belief that the theme furnishes ample literary material, and encourages in me the hope that my brief chronicles may lead to a better understanding and appreciation of the men and women who labor with their hands.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16, 1890.

F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

### Fanny Keats Llanos

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

ALL LOVERS of Keats must be saddened to learn that on December 16th there died in the Calle de Lista, Madrid, one who was perhaps the last survivor of those near and dear to the poet during his short life. His only sister, Señora Fanny Llanos, was born on June 3, 1803, in Craven Street, City Road, London, about a half-mile north from the birthplace of her four elder brothers. Before this only daughter had reached her first birthday, her father was dead—as the burial register of St. Stephen's, Coleman Street, testifies, 'killed by a fall from his horse.' Before the end of the next year, 1805, his widow had married again and separated from her second husband, William Rawlings, and taken up her abode with her own recently widowed mother in Church Street, Edmonton, where the family of four children, mother and grandmother lived together until the death of Mrs. Rawlings in 1810, when the little circle was broken and was never again destined to be drawn together. In 1814, after the death of their grandmother, Fanny came under the guardianship of Richard Abbey, in whose care her three brothers, John, George and Tom, were also placed, though the boys made their home elsewhere. In 1817, while John was at Oxford, began a correspondence between him and his sister which is filled with the noblest sort of brotherly love, as shown to us in that part, all from the poet's pen, which alone remains. These letters extended over a period of three years, and terminated only when their writer became too ill in body and mind to write to anyone. The last letter he ever wrote is dated in November, 1820, and is to his friend Brown. In it he asks that a note be sent to Fanny, and that she be told 'how I am, as far as you can guess.' 'She walks about my imagination like a ghost,—she is so like Tom.'

Early in the twenties, Fanny Keats married Señor Valentin Llanos, a Spanish diplomat and author, who lived to be nearly ninety, dying in 1885. Of this marriage there were four children, one of whom—a namesake of his great uncle, Don Juan de Llanos y Keats,—has established for himself a national reputation as a painter; and even the second generation of this Spanish line of the Keats family is not without its genius, very marked artistic ability appearing in the person of Señora Elena Blockmann. The mind of Señora Llanos remained in a state of unimpaired lucidity up to a very short period before her death. The writer received a letter from her in December, dated Nov. 12—scarcely a month prior to the end,—in which she gives most minute details relating to the situation of certain houses where she had lived in early childhood, as well as facts regarding her early family history which seem to have escaped the biographers. The last illness was most acute, lasting but a few days. A slight cold, beginning 'in no particular way,' was suddenly followed by alarming symptoms of pulmonary inflammation, which developed rapidly and ended only with life, which was drawing to a close one month ago to-day. Though Señora Llanos's life seems to have been altogether one of quiet and tranquillity, those who have been privileged to know her in her home have felt that her nature was by no means unallied to that

of her illustrious brother, whose memory was among the deepest cherished in the venerable lady's heart.

NORWOOD, MASS., Jan. 16, 1890. FRED. HOLLAND DAY.

### The Fine Arts

#### The Grolier Club in its New Home

THE GROLIER CLUB held its first monthly meeting in its new house at 29 East 32nd Street on Jan. 16. The new building is a handsome three-storied structure of pressed-brick and terra-cotta. The ground floor contains a vestibule and waiting-room, and, in an extension to the rear, a commodious lecture and exhibition hall. A gallery opening from the stair-landing affords additional seats—a needed arrangement, as the lectures given by the Club are usually very well attended. Upstairs are the library, conversation room, etc. The façade presents a dignified appearance, owing mainly to the clever grouping of the windows and the careful disposition of the terra-cotta string-courses and mouldings. The style is Romanesque.

The initial lecture of the season, on Dürer and the beginnings of book-illustration, was given by Mr. William C. Prime, on Jan. 14. A remarkable collection of early printed and illustrated books, chiefly the property of Mr. Prime, was placed on exhibition in the lecture hall. Its object was to show the development of wood-engraving in answer to the demand for pictures which could be printed with the text. In one of the cases was a copy of perhaps the earliest printed law-book, the 'Tractatus Servitutum Rusticorum' of Cepolla, printed at Rome, 1475. This displayed a magnificent initial letter and flowered border, illuminated in gold and opaque colors in the style of the best manuscript illuminations. Next it was a book with a rudely outlined but effective woodcut border, still more rudely colored by hand with washes of vermilion, yellow ochre and olive-green. In case A, a number of books were shown similarly illustrated with woodcuts very poorly colored by hand; and also a Bible the outlined initials of which had not been spoiled by color. A large show of miniatures and a few manuscripts would indicate that no credit is due to the early printers for anything of an artistic nature that may be discovered in their work. Their type, often very beautiful, as in the black-letter Bible to which we have just referred, was cut from the written lettering of reputable calligraphists. Their early efforts at cheapening the work of the miniature-painters have little to recommend them. They are seldom, at first, any better than the rude cuts for playing-cards, a few of which were shown in a frame upon the wall. It was only when the attempt to compete in the matter of colored illustrations with the regular work of the miniaturists was practically abandoned, and artists like Dürer, Holbein, Virgil, Solis, Bernard Salomon and Jean Cousin began to be attracted by the facility of reproduction offered by wood-engraving, and filled the Bibles, Ovids and prayer-books of the time with clever designs in outline, or very little shaded, that printed book-illustration began to take on an artistic character of its own. We do not mean to say that the rude earlier prints are not treasures from the historical point of view; but artistically they have not even the merit of originality. A collection of Bibles in one of the cases showed what wretched copyists were the early printers. The same design may be traced through half a dozen editions; bearing the marks of an original work in the Cologne Bible 1470-5; reduced and spoiled in the Venice Bible of 1525; and reduced, but in some respects improved, in the Lyons Bible of 1516. A feature of the exhibition was the remarkable collection of works by Dürer and his contemporaries, undoubtedly the best and fullest ever brought together in America. The German school, indeed, was extremely well represented, there being comparatively few French or Italian works of note. Still, the 'Sampson' and the 'Marriage of St. Catharine,' attributed to Titian, and the huge woodcut of a massacre, called the 'Martyrdom of the Theban Legion,' gave some idea of the force of the Italian school of wood-engraving, or rather of designing for wood-engraving. The Milan Ovid, 1509; that of Venice ('Transformatione'), 1555; the 'Habitati Antichi,' 1598; and the Petrarch, with portraits of Petrarch and Laura on an urn, showed the principles of the school applied to work on a smaller scale. There was very little to illustrate the characteristic work of the French designers.

#### Art Notes

WHAT may be called the American school of wood-engraving has met with a serious loss in the death of Frederick Juengling. He was one of the few wood-engravers capable of doing original work, for which he had fitted himself by hard study in the schools of the Art Students' League. His engravings, at first remarkable mainly for vigor, became in the last years of his life extremely delicate and refined, especially in the rendering of tones. Though a fair draughtsman and colorist, and author of many original works in oil, he pre-

ferred, in the art which he especially cultivated, to interpret the ideas of others expressed by them in other media. This work of translation, to which most wood-engravers are restricted by circumstances, was to him a labor of love, and in it he had few equals. A majority of his best cuts have appeared in *Harper's* and *The Century*.

—Mr. St. Gaudens is giving his chief attention just now to his model for the equestrian design in bronze, in high relief, of Col. Robert G. Shaw and his colored regiment on the march, as they left Boston Common for the front.

### The Washington Memorial Arch

MR. VANDERBILT'S contribution of \$1000 has brought the fund up to \$68,219.56. Treasurer Wm. R. Stewart, of 54 William Street, reports the following subscriptions from Jan. 14 to 21, inclusive:

\$1000:—Cornelius Vanderbilt, through *Commercial Advertiser*.  
 \$100:—The Aldrich Estate, through the *World*.  
 \$35.75:—Employees of the Post Office (third subscription).  
 \$33.14:—From various sources.  
 \$25 each:—George S. Lespinasse, and (through the *World*) Richard Weber, Alfred H. Smith & Co., Benedict Bros., Carter, Sloan & Co., Louis Strasberger & Co. and J. P. Bowden & Co.  
 \$22:—Employees of Townsend & Yale.  
 \$20:—Twenty subscribers to the *Commercial Advertiser's* Women's Fund.  
 \$10:—Richard S. Newcombe. \$8.25:—Employees of Langdon, Batcheller & Co. \$5 each:—Dr. E. B. Bronson; Dr. A. J. Hull.

### Boston Letter

THE CONTINUED mild weather seems to have relaxed the energies of some of our authors who have escaped 'la grippe,' and I am told by a poet of considerable note that he attributes his immunity from that malady to his total abstinence from ink since it has become fashionable. Dr. William Everett's poetical record of his personal experience of the disease, which has appeared in the newspapers, is said to be a remarkably correct as well as graphic description of its debilitating effects on body and mind. Among other Boston authors who have suffered from it, besides those whom I have previously mentioned, are Mr. George Makepeace Towle and Mr. William H. Rideing, and it is a curious fact that the malady took a particularly strong hold upon Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly, whose tremendous muscular vigor has hitherto deterred disease from venturing to attack him.

Lee & Shepard will publish on February 1 'The Swedish System of Educational Gymnastics,' by Baron Nils Posse, graduate of the Royal Gymnastic Central Institute of Stockholm, and formerly instructor in the Stockholm Gymnastic and Fencing Club. The author is Director of the Boston School of Gymnastics, and is engaged in instructing teachers in our public schools in the Swedish system. He divides gymnastics into two main branches—*viz.*, medical gymnastics, or exercise for the restoration of health; and educational gymnastics, or exercise for the development of the healthy body. The Swedish system, while including exercises on apparatus, differs from other systems by its independence of apparatus, its movements being applicable to whatever may be at hand, and its free standing exercises are such as no apparatus can take the place of. Cheapness, compactness, adaptation to a great variety of movements, and to the use of many persons at the same time, are the advantages of the Swedish apparatus. Baron Posse's experience in the army enables him to attest the merits of certain military exercises in this system. His treatise, which is the only comprehensive handbook of Swedish gymnastics in the English language, has two hundred and forty-one illustrations. Chapters on the physiological effects of exercise, and the muscular activities in the bodily movements, add to the value of the work, which is so arranged as to meet the wants of professional teachers familiar with other forms of gymnastics, and the general public.

'The Voice: How to Train It, How to Care for It,' by Prof. E. B. Warman, with illustrations by Marian Morgan Reynolds, will be brought out by Lee & Shepard this week. The book is intended for ministers, lecturers, readers, actors, singers, teachers and public speakers, and the special conditions applicable to each class are pointed out in connection with the general subject. The use and abuse of the vocal organs is considered, and their legitimate functions emphasized as illustrated by their anatomy, hygiene and physiology. The breathing and vocal exercises for the culture and development of the human voice are made clear by diagrams as well as descriptions, and the fruits of the author's long experience as a teacher are embodied in this eminently practical treatise.

A new edition of 'A Primer of Darwinism and Organic Evolution,' by J. Y. Bergen, Jr., and Fanny D. Bergen, which Lee &



Shepard are to publish next month, is enriched by the contributions of Prof. F. W. Putnam and other scientific authorities. The book differs from most elementary treatises by the freshness and fulness with which its topics are presented. The views of Darwin and his followers on natural selection, the evolutionary history of man, and the evidences of the antiquity of the human race, are carefully summarized, and the illustrations give a vivid impression of the reality of the processes of evolution.

Little, Brown & Co. have nearly ready 'Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland,' by Jeremiah Curtin, a remarkable collection of legendary tales taken down from the lips of the few survivors of the old Gaelic race, with whom they have preserved their original characteristics. The book, valuable alike to the scientific student and the general reader, has an introduction by John Fiske.

A new edition of 'Five Hundred Dollars, and Other Stories of New England Life,' by H. W. Chaplin, which is in preparation by Little, Brown & Co., will recall to many readers the impression created by these bright tales on their first appearance, and the views then expressed as to their permanent hold on public interest have been confirmed by the continued demand for them.

*The Atlantic* for February will have a notable article on 'Mr. Bellamy and the New Nationalist Party,' by Gen. Francis A. Walker, who regards the popularity of their projects as due to an access of optimism resulting from a marked advance in the material conditions of society which makes many people lose their heads. Dr. Holmes, in 'Over the Teacups,' continues his mellow reflections on old age, and has a hit at the shortcomings of a seemingly ideal social condition as illustrated in a dream about the planet Saturn, where they have no paupers, no thieves, and no money. To the question 'What are their amusements?' the answer is 'Intoxication and suicide are their chief recreations.' 'Sidney,' Mrs. DeLand's novel, develops strength and theological contentions in its new chapters. John T. Morse, Jr., in 'One of the Unreconstructed,' refers to Reuben Davis's book on Mississippi as only rivalled in English literature by the diaries of Pepys and Sewall. 'Between Two Worlds,' by 'H. W. P.' and 'L. D.,' gives an interesting account of the poet Ansonius and his times. K. Kaneko presents 'An Outline of the Japanese Constitution.' Charles B. Elliott considers 'The Behring Sea Question' by the light of International Law, and urges that our difficulties with Canada should be treated as a whole and in a liberal and enlightened spirit. 'Mr. Lowell on Izaak Walton' is an appreciative tribute to the author of 'The Complete Angler' and his latest editor. G. E. Woodberry's poem, 'Taormina,' vividly illustrates the grandeur and picturesqueness of the scenery about that 'castle-cragged hill-top.' A discriminating article on Browning is by an anonymous writer. Henry James's 'Tragic Muse' and Edwin Lasseter Bynner's 'Begum's Daughter' are continued. 'Recent Books on American History' form the subject of *The Atlantic's* literary criticism.

I am glad to be able to state that Col. T. W. Higginson, who has been in ill-health for some time, has so far recovered as to be able to preside at the Memorial Meeting of the Browning Society, of which he is President, in King's Chapel, January 28. He will deliver the opening address. Besides the Memorial Address by Prof. Charles Carroll Everett, to which I referred last week, there will be addresses by the Rev. Drs. A. P. Peabody and Phillips Brooks. Among the notable features of the music will be Browning's 'And Shall I then Behold Thee?' especially arranged for the occasion by Mr. B. J. Lang, to be sung by Mr. William J. Winch. Among the distinguished authors who have accepted invitations to be present, or who will send tributes, are Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Richard Watson Gilder, Christopher P. Cranch, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

BOSTON, Jan. 20, 1890.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

### International Copyright

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co., whose business relations with the various Spanish-American republics are closer and more extensive than those of any other American publishing-house, submitted to the recent Pan-American Congress the following report.

The necessity for an international universal copyright union has been for the last few years much discussed by the majority of nations. Since the Berne Convention of 1887 every leading nation of Europe has adopted the regulations there set forth. The lack of similar International Copyright laws between the United States and the Spanish-American countries is a constant injury to all concerned.

At the present time a book by an American author translated into Spanish and published here can be reprinted in Europe and

placed in South American markets in competition with the American edition, and a book by a Spanish-American author printed here can be reprinted in Europe and sold in all Spanish-American countries excepting the one of the author. In each case the American publisher, printer, and paper-manufacturer are injured, and both the American and Spanish-American authors are deprived of their copyright.

Many examples could be given to illustrate this, but the following will suffice: Some years ago a New York publishing-house undertook the publication of an edition in Spanish of Asa Smith's Geography. In addition to the cost of the translation, illustrations, etc., they had to pay copyright to the American author. The book was put on the market, and soon after there appeared two or three reprints made in France. The French publisher had only to reproduce a work ready to his hand without the expense of translation, or making the maps and illustrations, and without paying copyright to the author. Under these circumstances he could afford to undersell the original work; thus, besides injuring the interests of the American publisher, printer, and all concerned, he deprived the American author of his just copyright. What happened in this case is happening every day in others. Among numerous instances may be mentioned 'Krusi's Drawing Books,' 'Cornell's Geography,' several science primers, 'Smith's Astronomy,' Perkins's and Grand's arithmetics, all of which were printed here in large numbers in former years, and now are almost entirely forced out of the Spanish-American market by European reprints. On the other hand, the works of M. Marroquin, of Colombia, for instance, are printed in this country by the undersigned (who pay copyright to the author, as well as to many other Spanish-American authors, notwithstanding there is no copyright treaty). These were reprinted not long ago by a French publisher, who not only placed the book in all the Spanish-American countries, including even Colombia, the author's country, where he had secured copyright. Here, again, the American publisher was injured, and the Spanish-American author deprived of his copyright. Similar cases happen with works of many other South and Central American authors, whose books are published in this country. Among these are Ortiz, Carreño, Sarmiento, Núñez, Bello, Cáceres; Royo, Márquez, Rosales, Rojas, Ybarra, and Mantilla.

With the increasing interest taken lately in education in most of the Spanish-American countries the demand for books is growing daily, and with the facilities that this country affords for the printing of books it should be the natural place for them to come, whether for works from American authors translated into Spanish or for those of Spanish-American authors. But in the present state of things, when the interests of both the publisher and author are unprotected, it is impossible for these relations to extend to any great degree. American publishers have so often been disappointed and injured by piratical editions of their publications made abroad that they naturally hesitate about new ventures, whether in translation or in Spanish. Two or three years ago there was advertised in Spanish-American papers a book to teach languages, written by a South American author and published by a Boston house. Recently, while traveling in South and Central America, a representative of our house saw the book almost everywhere; but instead of the Boston edition it was one produced in Paris; so that the South American author and the American publisher were advertising the book for the benefit of the Paris publisher. Many other American publishers have suffered in the same way.

With a copyright treaty between the United States and the Spanish-American countries, not only will the book commerce between these countries increase, but the Spanish-American authors will be able to have their books properly printed here and derive some benefit from their labors.

As to the form of copyright treaty, the provisions of the International Copyright union signed at the Berne Convention, and now in force between the majority of nations, could be adopted as a basis for the copyright union between the American countries. The copyright treaty, also, between Spain and some of the Spanish-American nations may be worthy of consideration by the International American Congress.

D. APPLETON & Co.

### Robert Browning

*The Pall Mall Gazette* publishes the following account of Mr. Browning's funeral:

On Tuesday morning—the last of the dying year—all that was mortal of Robert Browning was borne from the old home at 29, De Vere-gardens, Kensington, to the stately Abbey at Westminster. The body had been lying encased in an air-tight coffin, covered by a purple satin pall edged with gold lace, surrounded by wreaths. So numerous were the wreaths that subsequently the hearse could not contain them, and a couple of vehicles had to be employed to

convey them. Shortly before eleven o'clock, the hearse—an open one with glass sides, and drawn by four horses—drove up, and the coffin was brought out. It was of plain polished oak, octagonal in shape, bearing the simple inscription:—

ROBERT BROWNING:  
Born May 7, 1812,  
Died December 12, 1889.

The coffin was soon hidden by crosses, circlets, and bunches of the most exquisite flowers—Christmas and other roses, stephanotis, orange blossoms, etc., and, as if to give a dash of color, a mass of violets. Some of the spectators carried branches of withered evergreens, which they threw on the path from the front door, and it was with a sad sigh they saw the procession fade into the fog.

It was a grey, grim morning, with the yellow fog enveloping all things in its melancholy folds. A pall without and pall within. The venerable Abbey was wrapt in the yellow mists; the statues on Palace-green were but spectres, and the streets seemed peopled with ghosts. Truly a fit morning for death. Crowd, in the common acceptance of the term, there was none; only the crowd of sombre mourners who were gathering from all corners of the kingdom to pay the last tribute to the dead poet. By 11.30 the portion of the Abbey reserved for ticket-holders was well filled, and wreaths were brought in from all sides to be laid around the poet's grave. Indeed, the Poets' Corner was for a time turned into a garden of flowers, the scent of which hung heavy in the fog-laden air. Violets were very plentiful, but white hot-house flowers and ferns predominated—a specially pretty wreath, sent by Mr. and Mrs. Whistler, was of pink carnations and ivy. The cards attached to these wreaths bore the names of many of the most distinguished men and women of the day—'certain people of importance' with whom the dead poet had been on terms of friendship. Among these were Lord Tennyson, Sir John and Lady Millais, Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Alma-Tadema, Mr. Henry Irving, Mrs. Jeune, Countess Brownlow, Lord E. Fitzmaurice, Sir Theodore and Lady Martin, Sir Henry Thompson, Lady Goldsmid, Mr. G. W. Smalley, Mme. Le Quaire, Miss F. P. Cobbe, the Browning Society, the Society for the Prevention of Vivisection, Lady Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. Mundella, the Misses Montalba. Conspicuous above all the flowers was the handsome wreath hanging on Cowley's tomb, presented by the Municipality of Venice. But more touching than any of the elaborate wreaths sent by the great ones among the poet's friends, was a simple basket of white chrysanthemums and maidenhair which a young lady admirer timidly placed on the edge of the grave. It was a pretty act, and when the floral offerings were arranged the basket was given a place of honor at the foot of the grave.

At five minutes to twelve the great bell began to toll, but the subdued buzz of conversation was not completely hushed until ten minutes later, when the body was removed from the hearse and the procession started. The choir sang the choral music of Croft and Purcell. To these same strains, now plaintive now triumphant, but always solemn and earnest—not an unfit epitome of the course of any strenuous life—have the remains of all the great dead who have been laid in the Abbey for the last 150 years been borne to their graves. The procession up the aisle of the Abbey was impressive in the extreme. Having reached the choir, the clergy took up their places; the body was placed beneath the lantern, and a portion of the 90th Psalm was sung. The Lesson then followed—the familiar 15th chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, a passage with something of that intellectual subtlety which was so characteristic of the poet over whose remains it was on this occasion recited. Next came the 'Meditation' composed expressly by Dr. Bridge, the organist of the Abbey, for this service. This was, perhaps, the most touching feature in the service, Dr. Bridge's music bringing out with admirable feeling the gentle beauty of the words of Mrs. Browning's poem, 'He giveth his beloved sleep.' Nothing could have been more affecting than this rendering over the grave of the poet of the lines written by his wife. It was the answering voice, one thought, to the poet's invocation to his 'lyric love.'

A more sombre note was struck in Wesley's funeral anthem, which immediately followed, 'All go to one place.' When this was finished the body was taken from under the lantern to the grave. Very beautiful was the slow movement of the procession to the notes of Schubert's Funeral March. The mace-bearer came first, followed by the choir; and it was a very striking sight when, beyond and above the white-robed choir, one saw between the pillars the poet's coffin borne on high, and advancing with measured tread, to be laid amongst the ashes of his peers. Having reached the spot in Poet's Corner immediately below Cowley's grave, the coffin was lowered into the ground, and the mourners took up their position around it. At the foot of the grave stood the poet's son, with Mrs. Barrett Browning, the Hon. Hallam Tennyson, Sir J. F. Stephen,

and the Archbishop of Canterbury. On one side were ranged the choir. On the other stood Prof. Jowett, Sir F. Leighton, Sir J. Paget, Sir G. Grove, and Dr. Furnivall; while at the head of the grave was the Dean, surrounded by the other high clergy of the Abbey, Canon Prothero, Canon Duckworth, Canon Furse, Canon Westcott, and Dr. Troutbeck. Archdeacon Farrar, being one of the pall-bearers, was not in his canonicals, but stood immediately beside the Archbishop. The choral parts of the remainder of the service were rendered by the choir around the grave, the mournful music penetrating plaintively throughout the building. The prayer and collect were then said by the Dean, and at the conclusion of the last collect, Watts's hymn, 'O God, our help in ages past,' was sung.

The full volume of sound—for the hymn was very generally taken up by the congregation—made a most effective contrast to the preceding part of the service. The Dean then pronounced the benediction, and the procession dispersed, while Dr. Bridge played the 'Dead March' in 'Saul.' The chief mourners, the pall-bearers, and others passed round the grave, each giving a last and lingering look at the coffin, on which was a lovely cross of fresh violets, with two wreaths—one of roses, the other of immortelles. And as they looked up from the narrow grave, a ray of sunlight met each mourner in the face; for the sun, having pierced its way at last through the fog, glinted in upon the Abbey. It was a literal realization of the lines in 'Paracelsus.' The poet had, as it were, 'pressed God's lamp Close to his breast, its splendour, soon or late, Will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge one day.'

The following were among the distinguished mourners who were bidden to the funeral, most of whom were scattered about the aisle or in the galleries:—Lord Wolseley, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, Mrs. Jeune, Sir Henry Thompson, Mrs. Tennant, Dean Vaughan, Mr. Froude, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. Frith, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Gosse, Lady Goldsmid, the Greek Minister, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Frank Hill, Sir C. Hallé, Professor Huxley, Lord Hobhouse, Lord Houghton, Lord Jersey, Mr. Irving, Mr. Joachim, Mr. James Knowles, Mr. Kinglake, Mr. Lecky, Mr. Lehmann, Sir Coutts Lindsey, Mr. Yates Thompson, Mr. Osborne Morgan, Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Lady Maine, Sir A. Lyall, Canon Liddon, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Hamilton Aidé, Lord Aberdeen, Mr. John Brett, A. R. A., Lord Brassey, Sir F. Burton, Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. Oscar Browning, Lord Brabourne, Mr. William Black, Lord Carnarvon, Mr. Froude, Mr. Reuben Browning, Mr. Michael Browning, Lord Esher, Sir Frederick Pollock, Lady Pollock, Sir Lyon Playfair, Miss Stanley, Lord Rothschild, Mr. John Murray, Mr. William Blackwood, Mr. Du Maurier, Mr. E. J. Poynter, Mr. Richmond Ritchie, Mr. Alma-Tadema, Miss Alma-Tadema, Mr. Spottiswoode, Mr. G. A. Sala, Mr. Fletcher Moulton, Mr. James Bryce, Mr. F. Macmillan, Mr. George Lillie Craik, Mr. George Meredith, Professor Max Müller, various Ambassadors, Sir Horace Davey, Mr. Furnivall, Professor Colvin, Mr. Leonard Courtney, and about 600 others.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, DEC. 31.

From Rivo Alto's silent palace hall,  
From San Michele's wilderness of flowers,  
Comes one for rest beneath our Abbey towers  
Whose song and soul shall never sleep at all:  
The crown of Venice shines above the pall;  
A brighter crown thy tireless spirit dowers;  
For thy strong heart the weakest heart empowers  
To 'strive and thrive,' fare forward, though we fall.

Singer of resolute Right, with Might for squire,  
Might for the morrow's battle, and the Must  
Of Truth triumphant with our latest breath,  
Lie here; for gentle Spenser can desire  
No knightlier guest, nor Chaucer in his dust  
A truer harp: Lie here—here comes no death.

H. D. RAWNSLEV, in *The Pall Mall Gazette*.

Lord Tennyson has allowed this letter to be made public:  
29, DE VERE-GARDENS, W., August 5, 1889.

MY DEAR TENNYSON.—To-morrow is your birthday—indeed, a memorable one. Let me say I associate myself with the universal pride of our country in your glory, and in its hope that for many and many a year we may have your very self among us—secure that your poetry will be a wonder and delight to all those appointed to come after. And for my own part, let me further say, I have loved you dearly. May God bless you and yours. At no moment from first to last of my acquaintance with your works, or friendship with yourself, have I had any other feeling, expressed or kept silent, than this which an opportunity allows me to utter—that I am and ever shall be, my dear Tennyson, admiringly and affectionately yours,  
ROBERT BROWNING.



In the January number of *The Fortnightly Review* there is a 'Sequence of Sonnets' on the dead poet by Mr. Swinburne. We give two of them:

Among the wondrous ways of men and time  
He went as one that ever found and sought  
And bore in hand the lamplike spirit of thought  
To illumine with instance of its fire sublime  
The dusk of many a cloudlike age and clime.  
No spirit in shape of light and darkness wrought,  
No faith, no fear, no dream, no rapture, nought  
That glooms in wisdom, nought that burns in crime,  
No virtue girt and armed and helmed with light,  
No love more lovely than the snows are white,  
No serpent sleeping in some dead soul's tomb,  
No song-bird singing from some live soul's height,  
But he might hear, interpret, or illumine  
With sense invasive as the dawn of doom.

A graceless doom it seems that bids us grieve:  
Venice and winter, hand in deadly hand,  
Have slain the lover of her lovely strand  
And singer of a storm-bright Christmas Eve.  
A graceless guerdon we that loved receive  
For all our love, from that the dearest land  
Love worshipped ever. Blithe and soft and bland,  
Too fair for storm to scathe or fire to cleave,  
Shone on our dreams and memories evermore  
The domes, the towers, the mountains and the shore  
That gird or guard thee, Venice: cold and black  
Seems now the face we loved as he of yore.  
We have given thee love—no stint, no stay, no lack:  
What gift, what gift is this thou hast given us back?

### Notes

DODD, MEAD & Co. began on Jan. 15 the publication of a fifty-cent, paper-covered edition of fourteen of the novels of the late E. P. Roe, beginning with 'The Earth Trembled' and ending with 'Near to Nature's Heart.' Only 30,000 copies of each will be issued (420,000 volumes in all), and the American News Company will be the publishers' agents in selling them to the trade.

—Roberts Bros. will publish on Feb. 4 'Albrecht: A Story,' by Arlo Bates, and Miss Wormeley's translation of George Sand's 'Bagpipers.'

—Mr. Edward Clifford, the biographer of Father Damien, who stopped in Boston last spring on his way from Molokai to England, returned to the Hub in November, and remained until last week, painting portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Thrope (the parents of Mrs. Ole Bull), Mrs. Chapman and Mrs. Seabury. He also made, for himself, a drawing of Dr. Phillips Brooks, which is said to be a fine likeness and an example of strong and sympathetic portraiture. Mr. Clifford sailed for England last Saturday on the Umbria.

—Mr. Clinton Scollard, the poet, who is to make a second visit to Europe and the East next summer, sailed for Bermuda last Monday afternoon.

—A thousand copies are to be printed of a volume of poems by the late Francis S. Saltus, 'revised by the author for the press.' 'Shadows and Ideals,' it is called; and Chas. Wells Moulton of Buffalo is the publisher.

—Mr. Wemyss Reid expects to have his biography of Lord Houghton ready in the Spring. It will 'hardly be so much of a regular biography as a record of Lord Houghton's friendships with men of worth, and of the part he played as the helper of the writers of more than one generation.' Monckton Milnes was not a diarist, but he kept letters from his friends, to the number of 20,000 or more.

—Henry Holt & Co., will publish shortly the third and concluding volume of Fyffe's 'History of Modern Europe.' The new volume, treating of 1848-78, covers the period which led up to the Franco-Prussian War.

—In England the year 1889 was somewhat less prolific of new books than 1888.

—'American Choral Societies and Conductors,' by H. E. Krehbiel, will be the subject of the four-page supplement to *Harper's Weekly* on Jan. 29. The illustrations will include portraits of Walter Damrosch, Joseph Mosenthal, and William R. Chapman of New York, Carl Zerrahn of Boston, W. W. Gilchrist of Philadelphia, W. L. Tomlins of Chicago, and Otto Singer of Cincinnati. A recent interview with Mr. George Jones, proprietor of the *New York Times*, brought forth some interesting reminiscences, which will be published, with a front-page portrait of Mr. Jones, in the same number.

—The latest musical compositions issued by Novello, Ewer & Co. are 'Holy Redeemer,' by Walter O. Wilkinson; 'Te Deum Laudamus and Benedictus in F,' by Richard Henry Warren; 'God, Who at Sundry Times,' by John H. Mee; 'Hark! the Herald Angels Sing,' by Rev. E. V. Hall; 'Like Silver Lamps,' by J. Barnaby; 'Rejoice Greatly,' by Rev. H. H. Woodward; and 'O Lord, Rebuke Me Not,' by H. Lahee.

—All of Charles Kingsley's writings are now on the list of Macmillan & Co., his 'All Saints' Day, and Other Sermons,' 'True Words for Brave Men,' and the 'Letters and Memories' being the most recent additions.

—Funk & Wagnalls announce as in preparation 'Wendell Phillips, the Agitator,' by Carlos Martyn; 'The Seven Churches of Asia,' by the Rev. Howard Crosby; 'Calvary Pulpit; or, Christ and Him Crucified,' sermons by the Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur; 'The Economics of Prohibition,' by the Rev. J. C. Fernald; and 'A Cyclopædia of Temperance and Prohibition.'

—Prof. Richard T. Ely's 'Problems of To-Day' and 'Labor Movement in America' are about to reappear, in enlarged form, from the press of T. Y. Crowell & Co.

—The *Herald* reports Mr. Ruskin to be 'hopelessly insane.' In July last, it says, while Miss Kate Greenaway, who was visiting him at Brentwood, was painting, he 'suddenly seized her colors and a large brush and angrily daubed paints of all kinds over her sketches.'

Since that time Mr. Ruskin has necessarily been confined to his own house, and no one outside of the Brentwood people has seen him since August. In November reports reached London of his having had a violent paroxysm, during which he broke all the windows in his room. Since that time he has laid in bed continuously. He refuses all except liquid food, and manifests no desire to get up. He is steadily growing weaker, and the probability is that if he ever leaves his bed he, at all events, will never go out of his house again.

—At a recent autograph sale in London, the signature of Voltaire brought only two guineas, while that of Isaac Watts sold for three; and while ten pounds were given for a Boswell letter, one by Johnson brought only nine.

—*Public Opinion* of Washington has followed up its two portrait groups of 'Representative Moulders of Public Opinion' (editors of the leading daily journals) with a third devoted to the editors of the chief magazines and weeklies. Like its predecessors, it is a highly interesting broadside of faces less familiar to the public than the names beneath them; and the likenesses are, in most cases, excellent. It is, we believe, the most comprehensive group of the kind ever published.

—Farley B. Goddard, Ph.D. (Harvard '81), sailed on Jan. 18 to join Dr. Naville of the Egypt Exploration Fund, as its 'American student.'

—Dr. Charles A. White and his wife, of Washington, are to spend some time in Alexandria and Jerusalem. Dr. White is one of the leading American paleontologists, his work being mainly in the domain of the invertebrates. He is an original investigator and a member of the National Academy of Sciences, and has published many monographs and bulletins through the channels afforded by the Geological and Geographical Surveys, besides performing similar work for the late Empire of Brazil.

—One of the 'Talks with Edison' which Mr. Lathrop reports in *Harper's* for February refers to the inventor's belief in a personal God. Mr. Edison is quoted as saying, 'The existence of such a God can, to my mind, almost be proved from chemistry.'

—Mr. Arlo Bates feels that, 'in a somewhat provincial and clumsy fashion, we have still managed to retain in Boston more of the old-time respect for literature *per se* than obtains elsewhere.'

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. entered suit in the Federal Court at Indianapolis, last Saturday, against J. E. Sherrill of Danville and William P. Hart of Osgood, Ind., for infringement of copyright. The alleged infringement consists in the publication by Sherrill of a book entitled 'American Poets,' of which Hart is named as the editor. Among the poems in litigation are Whittier's 'Barbara Freitchie,' 'The Courtin'; of Lowell, and Bayard Taylor's 'Song of the Camp.'

—An exhaustive 'History of Printing in the City of New York' is in course of preparation by Mr. W. W. Pasco, Librarian of the Typothetæ and editor of *Old New York*. The narrative will begin with the unsuccessful attempt of Governor Lovelace to procure a printer from Boston, and will be handsomely illustrated. It is to appear in two quarto volumes, the edition being limited to 500 copies, at \$20 each. The work will be delivered in parts.

—Among the members of the Woman's University Club are Mrs. F. F. Wood, late President of the Vassar Alumnae Association, and now a Trustee of Barnard College; Miss Ella Weed, Miss Annie

Brown, Mrs. F. J. H. Merrill, Miss Jeannette Fine, Miss Elizabeth Raeburn Hoy, Secretary of the Association of Alumnae; Miss Elizabeth Owen Abbott, Secretary of Barnard College; Miss A. M. Ely, Professor of Mathematics at Vassar; Mrs. William T. Cornell, Miss Gerrish, of Englewood, N. J.; Miss Alice Williams, and Miss McFadden of Miss Brackett's school; Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Merritt of Stamford; Miss Millard, teacher at Mlle. Ruel's school; Miss Gertrude Palmer of Brooklyn; Miss Barber and Miss Runkle, graduates of Harvard Annex; Miss Annie Reed, of the Comstock School; Mrs. J. T. Williams, Mrs. William C. Brownell, Miss E. R. Clarke, teacher at Dr. Gardiner's school; Mrs. Charles Pratt of Brooklyn; Mrs. J. Wells Champney; Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Elia P. Spaulding, Mrs. Crane and Miss Evelyn Baldwin.

—By the will of Mrs. Alexander T. Prendergast of Jamestown, N. Y., admitted to probate on Jan. 7, \$25,000 will be used in the purchase of oil-paintings for a library and art building nearly completed in memory of her son, the late Hon. James Prendergast; while \$5,000 will go for books. A fund for prizes to be awarded annually to meritorious pupils in the public schools is established.

—Mary Hinman Abel will describe 'The Training School for Servants in Vienna' in *Harper's Bazar* issued Jan. 31.

—A course of lectures, on the Ely Foundation, will be delivered in the Adams Chapel of the Union Theological Seminary, by Prof. Lewis F. Stearns, D.D., of the Bangor (Me.) Theological Seminary as follows:—Jan. 28, the subject stated; Jan. 31, 'Philosophical Presuppositions'; Feb. 4, 'The Genesis of the Evidence'; Feb. 7, 'The Growth of the Evidence'; Feb. 14, 'The Verification of the Evidence'; Feb. 17, 'Philosophical Objections'; Feb. 18, 'Theological Objections'; Feb. 18, 'Relation to the Other Evidences: Conclusion.'

—In Mr. Charles Aldrich's interesting sketch of ex-Judge Gayarré in our last number there was a typographical error of a very misleading character, the statement that Louisiana's veteran author 'scorns the idea of being helped' being distorted into 'he scorned the idea of being *helpful*.' This is the reverse of true.

—Mr. Julian Ralph has given the name of *Chatter* to a bright little weekly somewhat resembling that successful English periodical *Tit-bits*. It costs only three cents, and each copy is a *bona-fide* railway accident insurance policy for \$250—just the paper that one might wish to be found dead or mutilated with in the neighborhood of a misplaced switch.

—*Every Other Week* (not edited by 'Basil March') has appeared. It has a serial translated from the French of Albert Delpit, and other translations. There are several full-page illustrations, and one double-page representing a scene in the fourth act of the opera of 'Romeo and Juliet.' One is led to believe by the title that the drawing was made in the Chicago auditorium, but there is a foreign air about the picture that rather dispels this impression.

—'C. S. P.' writes to us as follows:—'THE CRITIC (Jan. 11, p. 24) is slightly in error in stating that "the Phi Beta Kappa is the only intercollegiate society based on scholarship." There is a scientific organization known as the Sigma Xi Society, which elects to membership students who have a good record of scholarship in college and give promise of advancing science by original investigation. In the report on "The Organization of the Scientific Society of the Sigma Xi," it is stated that "Elections of undergraduates are only made in their Junior or Senior year, and then only to such few as by exceptional student work in science or technology give promise of advancing to distinction in their future study or profession." The Alpha Chapter of Sigma Xi was established Nov. 1886 at Cornell University, and since then charters have been granted to chapters at several colleges and universities in which particular attention is given to scientific studies.'

—Mr. Ernest Whitney is at work, at Colorado Springs, upon a paper on pronunciation, to be published in the *New York Tribune*. The literary field is being pretty thoroughly canvassed to ascertain the orthoepic preferences of living American users of the English tongue.

—When a dishonest gardener of 'Lorna Doone' Blackmore's came to die, the minister attending him thought there must be something on his conscience, owing to the efforts he made to speak and the trouble on his face. He asked him if he wished to relieve his mind of anything—whether he had always done the fair thing by his employer? 'Oh, yes,' said the dying man, 'I'm not uneasy about that. I allus gave him the gold and kep nowt but the silver!'

—Prof. Francis Bowen of Harvard, who had been in failing health for several years and had resigned, a month ago, the active duties of his position, died on Tuesday, of heart-failure, caused by

stepping into a bathtub filled with cold water. Prof. Bowen was a distinguished author in the departments of philosophy and political economy, and a vigorous opponent of Darwinism. He was seventy-eight years of age.

—Mr. Gratz Van Rensselaer, who died at Washington on Monday, in his fifty-sixth year, was a frequent writer on genealogical subjects, and at the time of his death was engaged in writing a history of the old manors of the State of New York, and of the descendants of their owners.

—Mr. William Irving Paulding died on Sunday at the Berkeley, five days after the death of his wife at the same place and of the same disease. Mr. Paulding was born in this city in 1825, and was the son of Irving's friend Paulding, Secretary of the Navy under Van Buren. He was graduated from Columbia College and followed no regular occupation, having inherited a fortune. He wrote a *Life of James Kirke Paulding*, his father, which bears the imprint of Charles Scribner's Sons. Three brothers, Gouverneur, James and Kemble, survive him.

## The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### QUESTIONS

1511.—Whom is Browning supposed to have had in mind in the person of 'Bishop Blougram'?

TORRESDALE, PA.

R. S. E.

1512.—Who wrote the lines beginning 'Tis a good thing sometimes to be alone,' which go on about ransacking one's chest—'see what one's soul doth wear,' etc. It sounds like Herbert. Is it a sonnet? and English or American?

SPRINGDALE, CONN.

C. H. C.

1513.—Does the word 'viking' signify a bay-man; or does it rather mean a slaying fellow (from the Norse *vik*, slaughter, havoc)? The latter view is held by the best philologists. Du Chaillu's conclusions as to the 'progenitors of the English-speaking people' were published in Scotland twelve years ago.

W. L.

1514.—I am desirous of learning the day and year that the Rev. A. K. H. Boyd (author of 'Recreations of a Country Parson') was born, his present place of residence, and where I can find further information concerning him.

NEW YORK.

T. C. W.

## Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Alexander, A. A Theory of Conduct. \$1.....	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Allen, Grant. Falling in Love, etc. \$1.25.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Bonham, J. M. Railway Secrecy and Trusts. \$1.25.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Bellamy, Edward. Six to One. 35c.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Blunt, W. S. A New Pilgrimage. \$2.....	Scribner & Welford.
Boisgobey, F. du. Lover, or Blackmailer? 50c.....	Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Boswell, R. B. Dramatic Works of Jean Racine. Vol. I. \$1.40.....	Scribner & Welford.
Carroll, Lewis. Sylvie and Bruno. \$1.50.....	Macmillan & Co.
Catterell, Ratterell (Doggerel). Ill. by B. A. Ficklen. 75c.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Cherrytree, Herr. Prose and Poetry. ....	John B. Alden.
Cobban, J. M. Julius Courtney; or, Master of His Fate. 25c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Education, Report of Commissioner of. 1887-8.....	Washington: Bureau of Education.
Exegesis of Life, The. 50c.....	Minerva Pub. Co.
Fortier, Alcée. Sept Grands Auteurs.....	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Fothergill, Jessie. A March in the Ranks. \$1.....	Henry Holt & Co.
France, A. The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard. Tr. by Lafcadio Hearn. 50c.....	Harper & Bros.
Gay, John. Fables. Ed. by W. H. K. Wright. 75c.....	F. Warne & Co.
Habberton, John. Couldn't Say No. \$1.....	Belford, Clarke & Co.
Hake, A. G., and Wesslau, O. E. Free Trade in Capital. \$6.....	Scribner & Welford.
Hall, A. D. Lady Clancarty. 50c.....	Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Holmes, O. W. Elsie Venner. 50c.....	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Hooper, G. Waterloo. \$1.40.....	Scribner & Welford.
Mallery, G. Israelite and Indian. ....	D. Appleton & Co.
Milford, Philip. Ned Stafford's Experience. 50c.....	Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Moorhead, W. K. Fort Ancient, Ohio. \$2.....	Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.
Ono, Yeihiro. The Industrial Transition in Japan. \$1.....	Baltimore: American Economic Assn.
Parker, H. F. Constance Aylmer.....	John B. Alden.
Primmer, W. W. Driftwood. \$1.....	Buffalo: C. W. Moulton.
Sarbadichary, S. Speeches.....	London: C. E. Roberts.
Schaff, Philip. Creed Revision. 50c.....	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Strong, Theo. Handfuls of Hair. 10c.....	Manhattan Print. & Pub. Co.
Swinburne, A. C. A Study of Ben Jonson. ....	Worthington & Co.
Treat, C. R. Sanitary Entomology.....	Brooklyn: The Sani tarium.
Veitch, S. F. F. The Dean's Daughter. 50c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Vincent, Frank. Around and About South America. \$5.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Warren, F. M. Primer of French Literature.....	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.